

DEEP-FRINED CAPE SPANISH INSPIRATION



By CORA MOORE
New York's Fashion Authority
NEW YORK, March 16. — Last spring and summer we had only just begun to realize how very attractive and useful small capes of silk or satin could be, so this year practically every one will include one of them in her outfit.

Laurette Taylor wears this modern variation of a Spanish cape in "One Night in Rome"—and wears it charmingly, which is a point to be thought of, for not all women can wear a cape gracefully. This one which is in the play is of emerald green with gold embroidery, would be smart in, say, black satin with heavy black silk fringe and perhaps a lining of gold satin. The cape is three yards long, fringed the entire length, and again across its slanted ends.

Miss Taylor throws one end of hers over her shoulder, the weight of the fringe holding it in place, then winds the rest of it diagonally across the back and around the waist when the other end is swung over the arm.

Of course, there are many other ways of adjusting a cape of this sort, but this is in keeping with its Spanish inspiration.

CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE

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I Write, Bob My Love for Him is Not All of the Spirit.

"From your own account, it seems to me that you and Chrys are too much absorbed with the notion that love is bound to grow stale," said Bob as I lighted another cigarette for him. "Goodness gracious, Bob! How can we help it? Didn't the war result in a lot of the most startling matrimonial upsets? Only a part of them got into the papers. But just count the fickle hearts and broken vows you and I have heard about in the last year—all due to separation caused by war."

"Too many for my arithmetical powers, my love. I suppose all these unconventional war romances do explain the popular fashion of considering love a transient emotion. The fact is that ideal love is a perfect product of human feelings and human intelligence. We know, don't we, darling?" A kiss was the obvious answer to that.

"I say that it's a shame to talk so much about love as an illusion," Bob continued. "I guess that only those who go on the rocks ever lose faith in love. What's your notion, sweetheart?"

"I've got lots of notions, Bob. I might write them out for you—some day, dearest."

"Do it," he replied with a gay laugh. "Grand scheme! Maybe it will keep you out of some new and distressing adventure!"

"Can anything be more distressing than love is—ofttimes?" I asked myself after Bob had left the room. And I wondered if I would ever be able to show him what I wrote that very day. "My dear Husband," I began. "There's a love of the flesh and a love of the spirit and sometimes I think that you and I have never talked openly about the difference between the two. A happy marriage is founded on both. And sometimes I think you do not know that my love isn't all—of the spirit."

"I know that artists glorify passion, and that cynics mistake it for the total of love between the sexes and that prudes and censors deny it any right to exist. We both know that it will wreck any matrimonial bark if it is the only cargo for a life-long cruise."

"Passion demands everything, takes everything, and gives nothing. Neither you nor I, Bob, can demand, or accept love as a sacrifice. That is the supreme test of our love, I am sure. And I know that you will understand me perfectly when I say that although the touch of your hand thrills me, that although I love it, I can get along without it. But never, never, can I get along without the sound of your dear voice."

"Chrys was right, doubtless, when she quoted that queer theory about sex-revolution. Sex-antagonism is as much a fact as sex-attraction, I suppose. And I do not want the usual thing to happen in our case, my love. To avoid the usual catastrophe, I have resolved that I never want to dominate your coming and your going and your doing. I do not want to irritate you by making imperative demands upon you. I don't want you to feel that love is a web, a net and a trap."

"Sex-attraction doesn't change to repulsion until a man has lost his liberty. When he is no longer free, a man—perhaps a very good man—may kill the thing he loves—with a bitter look. The illusions of love about which

it is the fashion to complain are not of the spirit, as people pretend, but are altogether the deceits of the flesh.

"You and I will never—"

Then Chrys came in abruptly and my letter to my husband was brought to a sudden stop.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Will be found on page 9

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM DIDN'T THINK HE LEN WAS VERY PRACTICAL.)—BY ALLMAN

